

## Black Hole by Aceofstars16

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Other

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Eleven (Stranger Things), Jim "Chief" Hopper, Joyce Byers

**Relationships:** Eleven & Jim "Chief" Hopper, Joyce Byers & Jim "Chief" Hopper, Joyce Byers/Jim "Chief" Hopper

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**Warnings:** No Archive Warnings Apply

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 441

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

Just a little drabble about Hopper still thinking he is cursed/a black hole, only this time he has someone to assure him that he isn't. (I don't know what happened to Joyce, probably something monster related, who knows...)

# Black Hole

## Author's Note:

[Tumblr post](#)

Hopper stared at the ground, the linoleum floor reflecting the lights from above, but he didn't process what he was seeing. All he could see was Joyce hurt. Images of her flashing through his head – hurt, bleeding, practically dying. Over and over again it played through his mind, a movie he couldn't shut off. It weighted on him, once again creating that familiar pull in his chest. The same ache when he lost Sara, when Diane left him, when he saw Benny dead on the table, when he saw Will's fake body being pulled out of the water. His curse. Most people would say he was just being silly, but how could this be a coincidence? Hawkins had never been dangerous before, but he had come back and it had changed. And now Joyce – his oldest friend – was in critical condition. Maybe if he had stayed away, maybe if he had never come back...

A small hand gently grabbed his, jerking him away from the mire. Hopper glanced over at El, who was studying him quietly. He tried for a smile, but it fell as he looked away.

"She'll be okay kid." The words felt hopeless to him, but he had to try, the worried expression on El's face was enough to remind him there was someone he had to take care of, to be there for. Even if he was-

"Not a black hole."

"What?" Hopper's head snapped up and he looked at El again.

She held his gaze then squeezed his hand. "Not a black hole."

From anyone else, Hopper would've just brushed it aside as comfort, consolation. But not El. She was too observant, too honest, and blunt. She meant it. Maybe it wasn't true, maybe he was cursed. But the conviction of her words eased the wound in his heart, if only a little. Squeezing her hand in response, a small smile grew on his mouth.

“Yeah...maybe not...”

“Friends don’t lie.” Her hand released, only to be replaced with her arms wrapping around his waist. “Not a black hole.”

Hopper wrapped one arm around her. “Yeah...okay...Not a black hole.”

It was just a sentence. Four little words. But it was the first time Hopper had admitted that maybe it wasn’t his fault. That maybe bad things just happened and all you could do was accept that, move on, and keep living.

Looking down at El, Hopper pulled her a little closer, letting her know by action what he couldn’t express with words. That he was grateful for her, for all she had helped him through, and for giving him something to live for again.